

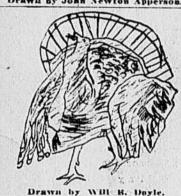
Drawn by Dorsey Davis.

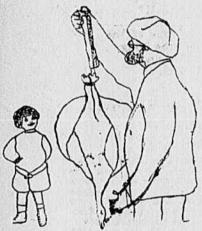




Drawn by S. L. Garthright



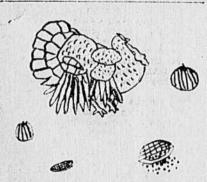




Drawn by Sallie Taylor.



Drawn by Julien W. Garthright.



Drawn by Philis Gary.



Drawn by Etbel Fletcher.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.



England had an established church, which was uphelp and supported by the government. The laws of this church were that all individuals who refused to submit to the church laws would be imprisoned or otherwise pun-

would be imprisoned or otherwise punished.

There were a number of people who withdrew from the church, and were called separatists. They migrated into Holland, where they could worship God according to their beliefs.

After living there for some time the separatists wished to leave Holland because they did not want their children to learn the Dutch language. They heard of the settlement in Virginia, and asked permission of the London Company to settle there. At last they received permission, and soon afterwards were on board a small steamer, "Speedwell," on their way to America. The Speedwell sprung a leak, and the Pilgrims, as the separatists now called themselves, were sent back to the Mayflower, in which they reached Plymouth in 1620, December 21. They intended coming to Virginia, but the fierce winds drove them northward. The first winter passed in Plymouth was a very severe one. It was very cold, and the Pilgrims had only leg houses to live in, and by spring many of them died houses to live in, and by spring many

of them died.

During the summer they had a good crop, and the friendly Indians showed them how to raise corn.

In the fall they wanted to thank God for their prosperity, and made a great banquet, and invited the Indians. The men hunted and fished, while the men baked and cooked, so by the last Thursday in November they had their "Thanksgiving Feast."

Ever since then we elebrate the last SUSIE VARRO.

THE SLYNESS OF OLD MR. GOBLER.

Pobler was walking around in ird very slow. He had heard ling. Yes, indeed! Mr. Gobbler had heard something very sad. Do you wish to hear what he heard? Early in the morning Farmer Brown and his wife came to look at the turkeys, and wife came to look at the turkeys, and selected Mr. Gobbler for their Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. Gobbler, being tired of walking around, flew up on the fence, and while perched there he mumbled in a low

perched there he mumbled in a low tone, "O, dear; O, dear; what must I do." I don't see what they have Thanksgiving for anyway. I know what I will do," raising his head in a thoughtful way, "I will tell one of the turkey's in the flock of that low of feed in the barn. Then he will lost ond eat and eat until he is just as fat as of the following still have been and start with the harm at the start were start with the harm at the start were start were start with the harm at the start were sta of the turkey's in the flock of that box of feed in the barn. Then he will cat and eat until he is just as fat as I am, and I won't eat a thing. I am sure that Mr. Brown will change his mind, seeing that I am so thin and he is so fat. He jumped off of the fence and called one of the turkeys out of the flock and told him about the

Thanksgiving was first celebrated by the Puritans in 1621. These people were strong, brave and full of energy, but they had many hardships and stifferings. These people came to America to seek religious liberty, and, after they had been here a year, they set apart a day to thank God for His blessings. They were thankful mainly for their freedom in worshiping God, for they had little else to be thankful for. Many of them had died of cold and hunger, and the Indians and wild animals of the forests were dangerous; nevertheless, they were thankful. The last Thursday in November is always set apart by the President as Thanksgiving Day. This year most of us have a lot to be thankful for. We have a something to cat and something to wear. In spite of the drought, the crops have been fairly good. We should be thankful that we are alive and have our people with us. Look at the homes across the Atlantic. Each day thousands of them are being left desolate and lonely. Millions of people are without food, and we should be very thankful that we can help them. There are many ways in which people spend Thanksgiving. A few of them try to see how wicked they can be, seme go to church and worship God, while others spend a happy day with relatives and friends. The children are always glad to have a holiday, for they are free from study, and can go nut hunting, play games, or do anything they like.

At Thanksgiving the trees have lest their coats of russet and gold, the grass is dying, and the robins have left for their winter home; the fields are bare, for the grain has been stored away in the barn with the golden pumpkins and fruits for the cold winter days. But if all outside looks dismal, just take a peep into the house, for everything there looks bright and cheerful. Mr. Turkey is occupying as prominent a place on the diming table as be did in the barnyaid. Pumpkin ples, jellies and fruit also come in very handy.

Composed by FRANCES M'DEARMON.



# Editorial and Literary Department

THANKSGIVING CONTEST.

My Dear Girls and Loys.—Here is your contest. I think it is just splendid, and I am so proud of the originality shown by all of the members who have taken part in at. Indeed, I am quite glad that it is you, and not I, that has to pick the winner, for I think that they are all so fine and good that I could not possibly choose a single one for the prize. But don't forget to read and look at the page carefully, and write to me at once, telling me which member you think has contributed the best work. Congratulations, children, for this splendid page. YOUR EDITOR.

### PETER'S FAMILY THANKSGIVING. SPENT

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and Peter Rabbit wanted to make it pleasant for Mrs Peter and their little ones. So Peter went out and gathered some turnips and carrots and pumpkins and some other things. When he came home Mrs. Peter said she had been busy getting the house fixed for their good time next day. She put on a nice, clean apron, and made several nice pumpkin pies, for she knew how well their Jack and Cotton Tall loved "pumpkin pies." It was the day before Thanksgiving,

The next morning they were all up bright and early, for their cousin, Jumper the Hare, was coming. They were all very glad to see Jumper, and after they had all eaten a good break-fast Mrs. Peter began to get the din-The next morning they were all up bright and early, for their cousin, Jumper the Hare, was coming. They were all very glad to see Jumper, and after they had all eaten a good breakfast Mrs. Peter began to get the dinner ready. She was going to have a fine vegetable soup for dinner, and it would take some time to cook. Cousin Jumper, Mr. Peter, Jack and Cotton Tail went to church, and when they came home Mrs. Peter had a good dinner ready for them. Jumper asked the blessing, and they were very thankful for their, blessings. In the afternoon they all sat around and enjoyed bearing Jumper and Mrs. Peter tell jokes. Every year on Thursday after the fourth Sunday in November is Thanks; giving.

When it was getting a little late Mrs. Peter fixed a light supper, then Jumper went home, and Mr. Peter's family, said there he saw a little girl standing in the yard. He tried to run away, but th

One day our teacher announced that we would have holiday on Friday. At recess all of the girls began planning what they would do on Friday. I said they would do on Friday. I said they play with our dolls. We can dress up and look like ladles. Mother visits her friends and we can visit too. Every one said it was a grand idea.

The next morning they all came to my house with their dolls. We went into the garden and decided to play there. Each girl had her house under a tree. We played until 12 oclock, when everybody went home. They all said they had a very good time. Mother said she watched us, and it made her think of how she used to play. I told her I knew she didn't have as good a time as we did.

Composed by PEARL SPITZER.

Aged 10.

THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING.

On December il. 122, some people called the "Pilgrims" came over to Plymouth in a board called the "Mayflower." They aimed to land at New Jersey, but the wind blew then farther north, and they landed at Plymouth. The Pilgrims were seeking a Place where they might worship God as they pleased. They found Plymouth the place for freedom.

In the spring the Pilgrims planted a crop. The crop was about slx acres of barley and twenty acres corn. The way they got their seed carn was this; one day some of them were digning in the ground and found a basket of corn.

By the fall the colony had grown very much, so they decided to celebrate a day. On that day they were going to have a big dinner and invite the Indians to serve with them. They were to give themks to God, so they called it Thanksgiving Day. Ever since Tianksgiving Day has been celebrated.

LUCILE ANDERSON.

A RABBIT'S THANKSGIVING.



There was once a littel rabbit who had no home. He was playing around the field one day, and saw a house in the distance. He had never seen one before, but he went up to the house,



NB THE EXECUTION OF THESE TURNS THENTY-SINDAY OF MOV. KINETER HUMARED-AND FORTCEM-EXECUTOR MP WALKER



THANKSGIVING DAY AT GRANDMA'S.

Every Thanksgiving Day we all go to grandma's. She greets us with a hearty kiss which makes every one happy. She is a dear old lady of sixty-seven years. Her hair is white and silky, her face is wrinkled, but is still pretty. Grandpa's cow and horse graze in the meadow, where we children love to play. Hess (that is the cow's name) does not run at us as if she will throw us up into the air a mile high as some do. Jack, the horae, is as playful as a dog. The chickens will eat out of your hand. Everything which I have mentioned makes things cheerful, which so many people fall to be.

First of all we romp and play all sorts of ring garnes are played. We then file into the dining-room ready for dinner. The turkey seems to say "Eat me," so pleasantly that nobody can refuse. For dinner there is a turkey with lots of gravy, cranberry save, potatoes, plum-pudding, pumpkin pies, cakes and all kinds of fruit.

After dinner every one goes into the partor. The sirls play on the piano and sing. The boys roast nuits over the grate fire. At 9 o'clock we all go to bed. In the morning we cat breakfast and then leave cury year we go to grandma's house for Thanks, giving, and I would not like the last as much if I didn't have any grandma's house to go to.

PEARL SPITZER.

MY THANKSGIVING.

1 went downtown in the morning and came home and ate dinner. In the afternoon 1 took a drive out in Highland Park, and from there I went out to Elerson, va. and took tea and stayed till bedtime. I had a very pleasant time. As we drove back it was very coel and nice. When we got home I unhitched like horse and my brother took him to the stable, and we went to bed.

EARL WRIGHT,

Such a feast there was never Of wild turkey, venison and ples. Indians and Pilgrims all together. Sent their thanks unto the skies.

Year by year the custom grew Until it spread over every land. And at last 'tis brought to you. As it was long ago in that Pilgrim band.

IRENE ROREDERON.

MY THANKSGIVING.



Some of the girls suggested games such as hide and seek, tag and other games, of which we played. We also played football.

played football.

In the evening about 4 o'clock refreshments were served, and we enjoyed them very much. We left at fifteen minutes after 5 to take the cur.

I was very thred when I got home that evening. All of us had a fine time. Composed by JULIA RODGERS.

## CAESAR'S GHOST.

Department

How I Spent Thanksgiving.

Dear Children.—As soon as I hand dressed, father called me and we sawed some wood. After we had finished sawing wood we planted some trees, which the tree agonts brought us. So hard that he fell backwards and liked to have gotten his head in a tub of water.

I went to the store and stayed in there for about a hour, and father came in and I went to the house and found children, John Marshall and Birdle Milgren, John Marshall and Warner Milgren, John Marshall and Birdle Milg

"Nawsuh," he said deel vely, "dat ghoss didn't fool me one bit. It changed so it'd look like de missis cat, but massa am just blind to dat fack. Dey ain't nuffin' I don't know about ghosses, and it am de hones truf dat was a sho' nuf ghoss!"

The Ramseys, relieved at the sudden outcome of the little incident, continued their merry-making, while the cate peacefully dozed on. And so their Thanksgiving Day ended, and, as they admitted, that occurrance brought home to them the fact of how much they had to be thankful for.

Caesar impressively related the story

Caesar impressively related the story to the negro "hands," and with each riveling it assumed such startling changes and proportions that ever after they looked up to him as a cross between a hero, "magic man" and God.

Composed by
RACHEL BERMAN.

675 Wilson Street, Danville, Va.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

Twas many, many years ago
When the Pilgrims dwelled in this
land.
That their provisions began to grow And they feared starvation in their band.

They appointed a day for fasting and prayer.

And for nine hours they prayed for rain.

Some Indians near-by watched with wide-awake stare

As the sky clouded over and the rain began.

After ten days of rain drops A plentiful harvest was brought in, And the Pligrims with grateful hearts Gave a feast of thanking.



Drawn by Margaret McClellan.



Drawn by Rufus Sarvay.



Drawn by Margaret Elllott.



Drawn by R. W. Banks



Drawn by Naomi William





Drawn by Inor Suttle.





y Stuart Duggins.